

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### LETTER FROM THE GEORGIA MAJOR.

PINEVILLE, Feb. 6th, 1844.

MR. THOMPSON—Dear Sir:—News! news! glorious news! Hurra for me!!  
—“Let the kettle to the trumpet speak, The trumpet to the cannoner without, The cannon to the heavens, and the heaven to the earth.”

For Mary's got a baby!!!

And a monstrous fine boy at that! The king of Denmark, you know, wanted to set all heaven and yearth in a uproar, just because his excellency was gwine to take a drink of liker—but if ever a man did feel like this world wasn't big enough for him to enjoy his happiness in, I think I ought to on this important occasion. I never had sich feelings before. When I was 'lected Major of the Georgia Militia I felt a good deal of pride and gratification, and when I married Mary, I thought I was the happiest man in Georgia, but this last business clapped the climax over every thing that ever happened to me in all my born days. It wouldn't do for people to git much happier in this world than I am, now mind I tell you.

I don't want to brag over other people, and I know it's an old maxim, that “every crow thinks its own young ones the whitest,” but I'll tell you what's a fact—mine is one of the most surprising children that ever was seen in these parts. It aint but just four days old this evening, and its got plenty of hair on its head, and the prettiest little feet and hands, with toes and fingers, all just as natural as grown people's, and when it opens its eyes it rolls 'em all round the room just like it know'd every thing that was gwine on. Mother says she really does believe the child know'd her the first time she tuck it in her arms, and old Miss Stallions says all she's afraid of is its too smart to live. The galls is almost crazy about it, and sich another pullin and hawlin about it as they do keep! One wants it and 'toter wants it, and they wont give the little feller no chance to sleep for lookin at it, and showin it to people and talkin to it, and its all the time “come to its any—” tweekst little precious baby—any's little sugar candy, dumsey diddle,” and every time I take it they're all scared to doth for fear I'll hurt it some way.

Just as I spected, the namin has been more trouble than a little. I picked out “Henry Clay,” for his name more'n a month ago, but they all wanted to have a say in it, and every one had a name that they liked the best of any. Mother said she never liked to have any of her family named after great political characters, for she never know'd a George Washington or a Thomas Jefferson that was any matter of account in her life, except the first ones, and their names wouldn't been no better than common people's if their characters wasn't. Old Miss Stallions wanted to call him Abernham Stallions, cause that was her husband's name, and sister Calline wanted him named Theodore Adolpus, cause they were her favorite novel names, and sister Kesiah wanted him named Charles Beverly, cause he was one of the most interestinest characters in “The Children of the Abbey.” I wanted 'em all to be satisfied, but it seemed like ther was no fixin the business to anybody's likin, until they all talked themselves down tired about it, we all agreed to leave it to Mary to decide. Poor Mary didn't know what to do, when they all gathered round her beggin as hard as they could.

“Remember your pore old father that's ded and gone, child,” said old Miss Stallions.

“Oh, don't call him Abernham, that's such a old time name,” said the gals.

“Theodore is so pretty,” said sister Calline.

“Oh, that's such an outlandish French name,” said all of 'em.

“But Charles Beverly was such a good character in “The Children of the Abbey,” and sounds so noble,” said sister Kesiah.

“No Christian child ought to be named a novel name,” said old Miss Stallions. “They're all lies from eend to eend.”

“Call him what you've a mind to, dear,” said mother, “for you're his mother, and ought to please yourself.”

Mary looked up in my face with her pretty blue eyes, and smiled so sweet when sister Calline laid the baby in her arms, and then she sed, as she hugged it to her bosom, “Tone to its mudder, my sweet little Henry Clay—it *shall* be called Henry Clay, so it shall, mudder's pweicious little ring-dove, so it is, and it shall be President too, when it gits a man, so it shall.”

“Hurrah for Clay,” said I, “hur—”

“Hush-h-h-h-h,” said mother, “aint you ashamed to shock Mary's nerves so?”

The fact was, I felt so glad I forgot what I was about. But I went rite off and rit down in the family record:

“HENRY CLAY JONES,

The first son of Joseph and Mary Jones, was born on the 2d day of February, 1844.”

I've been so frustrated for the last week, that I hardly know what I'm doin half the time, and I don't spose I shall find time to do much else but nurse the baby for some time to come. Mary's rite pient, and little Henry Clay is makin a monstrous good beginning in the world. No more from Your friend tit deth,

JOS. JONES.

P. S. I haint had no time to think about politics lately, but you may be sure things is gwine on strait enough down here. There's monstrous few loky-fokys in our boat, and what few thar is, is so split up they don't know who they belong to. They used to say they 'longed to the Baltimore Convention, but sence Mr. Calhoun's tuck it into his head “to give it up so,” they don't know nothin about it, only they don't belong to the Coons. Poor fellers, they're in a bad box. Van Buren's fooled 'em about the tariff, and they hant got no confidence in him about abolition, and they can't go for him. Calhoun's gwine to nullify agin, and it won't do for old Union men to jine him in that. There's no accountin for the taste of the loky-fokys, and there's no tellin what they will do; but my opinion is, if they don't come to their senses afore long, and vote for Mr. Clay, they'll be like the lost tribes of Israel—not to be found no where.—Southern Miscellany.

“Ma,” said a young lady of twelve to her mother, “I should like to get married!”

“Oh! nonsense, my dear,” said her mother, “you are too young yet; what put such an idea into your head?”

“Nothing, ma, only Sophie here, is over sixteen years of age, and says she was never at a wedding! I should like to gratify the little innocent.”

Very disinterested, very.

## EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 27, 1844.

DEAR SIR: I have seen several gentlemen direct from Hartford, Connecticut, who were present at the late Mass Meeting held at that place, and who have been in other parts of the State. They represent the people of old “Steady Habits” as thoroughly awakened, and resolved to send Locofocoism to the dark abodes, and to the old gentleman from whence it came. The greatest enthusiasm prevails in every part of the State among the Whigs, while dismay is pictured upon the countenances of their opponents. There, as in other manufacturing States, the people have become fully convinced which party is identified with the Tariff policy, and to which they owe the prosperity which is now seen and felt by them. The contrast between the present and the past condition of the country is too striking to be overlooked by intelligent people, such as those of our country are, and it is idle to talk to them about the change they feel and witness being brought about by the destruction of the United States Bank. They know better—they know that it is attributable to the Tariff—the Whig Tariff; and they know that if this Tariff is disturbed, they will feel the effect of its disturbance in their business. Of two facts the people of the Northern and Middle States—and I may almost venture to say the Southern States—have become fully aware, namely, that under the extravagant and wasteful administration of Mr. Van Buren, and with a low scale of duties, descending to almost 16 per cent., the country was prostrated, paralyzed, and became as a weak and staggering man; and that under the Tariff adopted by the Whigs, and with which they are identified, a change has come over the country of a most extraordinary and favorable kind. It may now be asked whether, with this knowledge, derived from experience, and in part from sufferings, the people will be likely to throw themselves back again into the power of those who brought the country into its prostrate condition, or whether they will prefer those in power, to whom they are indebted for their present prosperity, and escape from former grinding adversity? Do you want an answer to these questions? You have it in the result of the late election in Maryland; you will have it in the result of the election soon to take place in Connecticut; you have it in the public voice now reverberating from mountain to mountain, from hill to hill, and from valley to valley, in Pennsylvania, for here in this State is the wand of the Magician broken, and the people are awaking as from a deep sleep. Let me assure you, and I do it with certain confidence, and upon the best information, that the vote of Pennsylvania will be given to Mr. Clay, by a majority of not less than 10,000. Mark this down, and tell your readers they may rely upon its being verified next fall.

Yours,

KEYSTONE.

EXPENSE OF A MEDICAL DEGREE IN PARIS.—Stewart computes the whole expenses incident to obtaining a degree from the Paris faculty at eleven hundred francs, or about \$220. These, too, are divided between the four years, so that the annual payments are but very inconsiderable. The following are the respective items of expenses:

Five inscriptions of 50 francs,	750
One (the last) ditto,	35
Remuneration to professors for attendance on five examinations, 30 francs on each occasion,	150
Expenses connected with thesis, Seal to the diploma,	65
	100
	Francs, 1,100

Dissecting, and attendance on private courses of lectures increase the expenses of his medical education to almost any amount that the student may be willing to pay; very little outlay, however, in this manner is requisite and all extra costs need not exceed a few dollars more than the sum just indicated.

The Speech of the Hon. ANDREW STEWART, of Pennsylvania, in Defence of Western Improvements, and reviewing the Principles and Policy of Martin Van Buren; to which is added his reply to the attack of Mr. Weller, is just published, and now ready for delivery, at the office of the Whig Standard—16 pages large octavo—price, \$12 50 per thousand.

The Report of the Hon. GARRETT DAVIS, (from the Minority of the Committee of Elections of the House of Representatives,) on the “General Ticket Members,” is just published, and now ready for delivery, at this office: 16 pages, octavo—price, \$12 50 per thousand.

### TO THE WHIGS OF THE UNITED STATES.

GRAND NATIONAL WHIG BANNER BADGE. WILLIAM CURLETT & JOHN GADE, of the city of Baltimore, the former now painting under the direction of the Whig Banner Committee of this city, and the latter attending to the remainder of the getting up of the “Grand Whig National Banner,” to be presented by the Whigs of Baltimore, to the Whigs of such State as shall have the largest proportionate number of delegates in attendance at the Young Men's Whig National Convention of Ratification, to meet in Baltimore, on Thursday, the 2d day of May next, respectfully announce that they are getting up in the best style of engraving, and printed on satin, two BADGES, which will be fac similes of the “National Whig Banner;” one of them will be large and suitable for framing, and the other of a proper size to wear on coats in the National Whig Procession, and other public occasions of a political character during the year. Some of them will be handsomely got up in colors. Due notice will be given of the time when they will be ready for delivery. The copy-right has been secured.

Communications from Clubs, Associations, or persons desirous of dealing in the Badges, addressed to the undersigned, will be attended to.

WILLIAM CURLETT, JOHN GADE

Baltimore, February, 1844. Feb 12-4t

## THE WHIG STANDARD.



“Flag of the free! thy folds shall fly, The sign of hope and triumph high.”

FOR PRESIDENT,  
**HENRY CLAY,**  
OF KENTUCKY.

WASHINGTON.

THURSDAY MORNING, FEB. 29, 1844.

### COALITIONS AND COMBINATIONS.

Turning over the leaves of an old file of papers the other day, we came across an extract of a letter which we give below, and which calls up reminiscences of the past in vivid brightness before our memory's eye. There are many now upon the active stage of political life—many in Congress, who have come upon that stage long since the scenes to which we refer transpired, and who, probably, have no recollection of the hue and cry that was raised in 1825, of “bargain and corruption,” “coalition,” &c., solely for the purpose of exciting prejudice against the then Administration, and of breaking down Mr. Clay, who was supposed to stand in the way of several aspirants for Presidential honors. Never, perhaps, since the patriot De Witts, of Holland, fell victims to the mob excited to fury by the arts and agents of the House of Orange, was the public excited to a higher pitch of indignation against public men, than were the ignorant of this country during the years 1825, '26, '27, and '28, against Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay; never were charges more basely put forth, more groundless, unfounded, false, and malicious—iterated and reiterated by those who knew them to be so, and winked at by men in whose power it was at any moment, not only to have proved them to be false, but turned the tables, and shown that the very men who were ‘active in getting up and keeping up the hue and cry, and inflaming the public mind, were themselves obnoxious to the very charges they had raised against others. Had they been honest and bold enough to have done so, however, possibly, they might never have been rewarded with a mission to Russia, or a seat in the Senate of the United States.

The public mind has since become more calm, and better conditioned for impartial investigation, and the result has been, as we have seen, a recantation of the charges then uttered with a clamor that rendered “the still small voice” of truth wholly inaudible, and a strong manifestation of a desire to do justice to the injured.

We have before alluded to the recantation of the charge of “bargain and corruption,” by Mr. Carter Beverly, and also the retraction of that charge by those in the Tennessee Legislature who voted for a resolution in which it was made: these are honorable examples of a desire to make the amende to the injured and vilified; but there are those who have not yet exhibited such magnanimity—whose lips were sealed when they might have spoken, whose lips still remain sealed, because they dare not be magnanimous or generous—fearful lest they shall lose the favor of the party by which they hope to be honored and elevated.

But who would have dreamed that while certain men were engaged in the laudable undertaking of blowing the blast of “coalition,” and “bargain and corruption,” they were themselves forming “combinations,” the object of which was to put themselves into office and power? Yet this was avowed. Gen. Floyd, a member of Congress from Virginia, and afterwards Governor of that State, in a letter to a friend, dated Washington, 1827, said, that “the combinations for effecting the elevation of General Jackson, are nearly completed,” and he expressed a desire to remain in Congress until they were completed.

The following extract of a letter, dated Charleston, South Carolina, May 5, 1827, also shows what combinations were then being formed—what bargains were being formed with a view to accomplish the great object of getting possession of the Government, and with it, power and patronage:

“I have infinite satisfaction in communicating the information I have just received, that our friend VAN BUREN has at length reconciled nearly all the most important jarring claims and interests, and we are with zeal and knowledge about to take the field to carry their arrangements into full and complete operation.

I. Gen. Jackson consents to accept the Presidency of the United States, pledging himself invariably to serve the policy of the SOUTH, and to resign at the end of four years.

II. John C. Calhoun has been prevailed upon, in conformity to the wishes of some of our most influential friends, to relinquish his claim upon the Vice Presidency.

III. Every effort is to be made to induce De Witt Clinton to accept the Vice Presidency.

IV. Martin Van Buren to serve as Secretary of State, under Gen. Jackson, and at the end of four years to be nominated and supported for the Presidency, with a perfect understanding that he will pursue the Southern policy in relation to Domestic Manufactures and Internal Improvement.

“If I am not much misinformed a cabinet is so arranged as to command the greatest possible ex-

tent of political influence.”—[See Niles' Register, September 19, 1832.]

It is not a little singular that a prophecy made two years in advance of the time of fulfillment, should have been so exactly fulfilled? It shows that this letter was written by one who spoke “by authority.”

### DEATH OF MR. BIDDLE.

Nicholas Biddle died at his residence, Andalusia, near Philadelphia, on Tuesday morning about 4 o'clock. We do not know what disease was the immediate cause of his death, but believe, depression of spirits had much agency in his decease.

Few men have been more distinguished in this country than Mr. Biddle: no man ever exercised greater power within his peculiar sphere, and no one ever had a better opportunity to know how far power purchases respect and deference, and the loss of it changes the faces and manners of men toward its former possessor.

In the day of his strength, when he was the dispenser of favors, and held the destinies of thousands daily in his hand, Mr. Biddle was in truth the money king, and like other kings, received the homage and heard the adulation of those whom he held in his power. In the day of his adversity, these parasites took their revenge upon him for the servility they had shown, by kicking and taunting the dead lion. If his abilities were great, so were his mistakes, and if rewarded beyond measure for the former, he was pursued beyond the line of retributive justice for the latter. He has gone! Let the good he has done speak for him, and not the evil attributed to him.

ROUTE OF MR. CLAY.—The Milledgeville Journal of Thursday last, states that Mr. Clay has accepted the invitation of the citizens of Macon, Ga., and would reach there from the 12th to the 15th of March. The editor of the Savannah Republican of Thursday last says he has private advices that Mr. Clay will leave Mobile on his Northern route on the 3d of March.

NEW JERSEY DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION for the Nomination of seven Delegates to the Baltimore Convention.—Under this head the N. Y. Standard (Cass paper) details the proceedings at Trenton on the 22d. The organization of the convention was decidedly Van Buren, but when the ballot came, it was seen that the complexion of the convention was thoroughly anti-Van Buren, and the Standard says:—

“Strong efforts were made in the committee of thirty-four to appoint both General Wall and his son-in-law, Governor Vroom, both strong Van Buren men, as senatorial delegates, but, on the first ballot, Col. Edsall, an unchangeable friend to General Cass, was unanimously elected. On the second ballot, both Wall and Vroom were again run, and both beaten by Mr. Thompson. On the ballot for an alternative, Gen. Wall was again run, and was distanced both by Joseph C. Potts and Dr. Craig. These two latter gentlemen are strong anti-Van Buren men.

“Our readers will now see that our fears as to the motives for calling this State Convention, were not groundless. Such was the determination of the people that their rights should not be usurped, that the delegates from the district composed of the counties of Morris, Somerset, and Middlesex, instructed their delegates to vote for General Cass at Baltimore.”

### THAT “INFERNAL BLACK TARIFF.”

UNPRECEDENTED RECEIPT OF REVENUE.—We learn from the New York Courier and Enquirer, that the receipts at the New York custom house, from the 1st to the 24th instant inclusive, were two millions sixteen thousand five hundred and eighty-six dollars and eighty-three cents—\$2,016,586 83.

This fact, as the Courier says, ought to be accompanied by another:—

There have arrived at New York, between Saturday the 10th and Friday the 23d instant, inclusive, (14 days) 69 ships, 41 barks, 84 brigs, 152 schooners, from the following places: New Orleans, 25 ships, 11 barks, 12 brigs; Mobile, 12 ships, 3 barks, 7 brigs; Apalachicola, 10 ships, 1 bark, 6 brigs; St. Marks, 5 brigs; Savannah, 3 ships, 6 brigs; Attakapas, Cedar Key, and Baltimore, each 1 brig; Boston, 2 brigs. From foreign ports—Canton, 1 ship, 1 bark; Liverpool, 4 ships; London, 1 ship; Newport, (Wales), 1 ship; Amsterdam, 1 ship; Glasgow, 1 ship, 1 bark; Hamburg, 3 barks; Bordeaux, 1 bark; Marseilles, 1 bark; Dundee, 1 bark; Rochelle, 1 bark; Palermo, 1 bark; West Indies, 8 barks; South America, 2 barks, and 44 brigs, from different ports in South America, West Indies, &c. Of the 152 schooners, 20 are from foreign ports.

It strikes us that these two statements, both of them from sources leaving no cavil as to their authenticity, are not very striking evidences of the ruin that was to be brought upon us by the “black tariff.”

LOCOFOCO MUMMERIES.—There is fun in the Whigs singing and real wit in the “same old con.” But the Locofocos are ridiculous whenever they undertake anything of the kind, and cruel as they are ridiculous. At Chestertown, (Md.) on the 16th inst. when it was supposed that the Locofocos had elected Mr. Constable to Congress, they performed one of their orgies. The Centreville Times says:—

“All the con skins in that region were bought up, as well as a poor living con. The locofocos after lighting their fires, began their incantations, and seemed greatly endowed with magical skill.

They erected scaffolds on which they hung the emblems of their fallen foes—they marched around them—hurraed—shouted—counter-marched—loaded their pieces, and ball after ball passed through the living as well as the dead coons.”

And it is thus by torturing a poor dumb animal that these enlightened locofocos expect to establish their reputation for order and decency.

Baltimore Patriot.

A resolution has passed the Mississippi Legislature, granting permission to R. S. Graves, the absconding treasurer, to return to that State. So says the Yazoo Whig.

Captain Nye, of the ship Independence, which arrived at New York on Sunday from Liverpool, states that he had quite warm weather during the whole passage. He was ten days becalmed, and ten days from Sable Island, with light westerly winds.

The Louisiana Planters' Banner says that the remains of Judge Porter have not been taken to Louisville for interment, as has been stated.—They will be taken to Nashville, Tenn., but not immediately.

The singing at the organization of a Clay Club in Geneva threw the editor of the Locofoco paper into chicken fits—and well it might—for a Loco has no more music in his soul than a side of sole leather.—Rochester Democrat.

We said, a few days ago, that this singing would be the death of the Locos; our prediction will soon be verified in full. Last Saturday's Globe gave evident signs of the hydrophobia about the Whig songs, and we see from the above that another Locofoco has got fits. Sing away, boys, and kill them off as soon as possible.

RUM RIOT IN PHILADELPHIA.—A rum riot in the Philadelphia Museum, on Saturday evening, is thus described in the Philadelphia Sun:—

“Mr. Murphy, one of the singers, made his appearance to sing a song, as announced in the programme, when he was met with showers of hisses from the audience. The police, however, interfered, and induced the unruly ones to desist, and Mr. M. concluded his song amid applause and hisses. After he finished, a number of the rowdies went into the “Mummy,” a low grogery in the neighborhood, and obtained a supply of liquor, and by the time Mr. M. made his second appearance, they had returned to hail him with hisses, groans, and imprecations. The officers again interfered, but their efforts at quelling the disturbance were vain. The gas lights were very judiciously put out just as the fighters had made a rush at the staging, and were carrying away the partition. Mr. Murphy availed himself of the darkness and escaped, or otherwise the issue might have been serious. There were not many females present, but those who were there did more than ample justice to their lungs.”

DEATH OF A DRUNKARD.—The Salem (O.) Village Register, furnishes us with the particulars of a death which occurred in New Lisbon, a town in the vicinity, on the 10th inst. There was a fox-hunt on that day, at which liquor had been freely used. Becoming too much intoxicated to continue the hunt, the poor wretch lay for “some hours on the cold ground attended only by his son, a lad about twelve years old, who, on finding himself unable to get his drunken father away, went home and informed his mother of the circumstances. Still hoping he would return, she did not send after him—night came on, and he was accidentally discovered by a neighbor, who carried him to a house near by, where he expired in a few hours. His body was brought to town, and for some cause exhibited at a grocery. The effect upon his wife is said to have been horrifying and heart rending.”

The next morning the grocer, who had sold the man liquor, brought out the remainder of his stock and burned it—having first signed the pledge. His example was followed by another grocer. At the funeral the pledge was laid upon the dead man's coffin, and seventy-one persons signed it on the spot. A collection of eighty dollars was then made for the widow, fifty of which were contributed by the grocer who had sold the liquor to the deceased.

BABE, THE PIRATE.—ATTEMPT AT ASSASSINATION AND SUICIDE.—The New York Herald of Monday states, “that on Saturday afternoon, Tucker, the colored barber of Centre street, near Franklin, in that city, proceeded to the city prison, to remove the beard of Babe, the pirate, who is sentenced to be hung on the 7th of next month. He placed his lather box in one pocket, and a razor in another, and entered the cell of Babe, as usual, to perform the necessary duty. One of the keepers closed the outer door to keep all safe, and retired to his post on the caseway, in the centre of the corridor. No sooner had Tucker entered the cell, than Babe, who is a very athletic man, seized him by the throat, and with an herculean effort, forced him against the wall, and demanded his razor, saying that his time had come, and he was determined to cut his (Tucker's) throat, and then conclude the tragic act by performing the same operation upon himself.” The barber refused to give up the razor, and called loudly for help, which brought the keeper to the cell, when Babe burst into a loud laugh, and said it was a joke. Tucker, the barber, thinks it no joke, but the keeper does, and if such tricks are permitted in the city prison, we presume the Colt affair is set down as a joke also.

GREAT SALE OF WOOL FROM ONE ESTATE.—The celebrated farm of R. H. Rose, at Silver Lake, Pa., maintains ten thousand sheep. A few days since, the proprietor sold at one time to a manufacturer at Ithaca 3,000 bales of wool, each bale weighing from 150 to 180 lbs., at 31 cents per pound.—Northern Pennsylvanian.

ANOTHER SHADE OF INSANITY.—On Thursday, at East Cambridge, Mass., Miss Fanny Thayer, of Lowell, was convicted of administering oil of tansy to her sister's illegitimate infant. One ground of defence was, that she had a monomania for the destruction of illegitimate children.

EARTHQUAKE BEGGARS.—There are several fellows going about town pretending that they are Italians, driven from their homes by earthquakes, &c. They have plenty of certificates; for who should lack for names, now that so many persons sign their own or other people's as they think will produce the best effect. If there are any of our citizens who have not been sufficiently humbugged already, we advise them to give to these beggars.—N. Y. Jour. Com.

We had a visit from one of these beggars the other day, and, although, as usual he could not speak English, we noticed that he understood it very readily. He had the old stereotyped certificate of “respectable citizens of the U. States,” “captain of the vessel” in which he came over, and of “the U. S. Consul,” &c., reams of which may be purchased of “certificate makers” in New York, at a small advance on the cost of the paper. Look out for them, they generally give this city a passing visit.